THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Watchman, what of the night?"

TO this query of Isaiah the watchman makes, I think, but a simple reply; and tells the prophet what, if he had the least smattering of astronomy, he must have well known before, 'that the morning cometh, and also the night.' Any old Almanac could have said as much. I think that night, however sooty and ill-favoured it may be pronounced by those, who were born under a day-star, merits a more particular description. I feel peculiarly disposed to arrange some ideas in favour of this season. I know that the majority are literally *blind* to its merits; they must be prominent, indeed, to be discerned by the *closed* eyes of the snorer, who thinks that night was made for nothing but sleep. But the student and the sage are willing to believe that it was formed for higher purposes; and that it not only recruits exhausted spirits, but sometimes informs inquisitive, and amends wicked ones.

Duty, as well as inclination, urges the Lay Preacher to sermonise, while others slumber. To read numerous volumes in the morning, and to observe various characters at noon, will leave but little time, except the night, to digest the one or speculate upon the other. The night, therefore, is often dedicated to composition, and while the light of the paly planets discovers at his desk the Preacher, more wan than they, he may be heard repeating emphatically with Dr. Young,

Darkness has much divinity for me.

He is then alone, he is then at peace. No companions near, but the silent volumes on his shelf, no noise abroad but the click of the village clock, or the bark of the village dog. The deacon has then smoked his sixth, and last pipe, and asks not a question more, concerning Josephus, or the church. Stillness aids study, and the sermon proceeds. Such being the obligations to night, it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge them. As my watchful eyes can discern its dim beauties, my warm heart shall feel, and my prompt pen shall describe, the uses and the pleasures of the nocturnal hour.

Watchman, what of the night? I can, with propriety, imagine this question addressed to myself. I am a professed lucubrator, and who so well qualified to delineate the sable hours, as

A meagre, muse rid mope, adust and thin.

However injuriously night is treated by the sleepy moderns, the vigilance of the ancients could not overlook its benefits and joys. In as early a record, as the book of Genesis, I find that Isaac, though he devoted his assiduous days to action, reserved speculation till night. 'He went out to meditate in the field at the eventide.' He chose that sad, that solemn hour, to reflect upon the virtues of a beloved and departed mother. The tumult and glare of day suited not with the sorrow of his soul. He had lost his most amiable, most genuine friend, and his unostentatious grief was eager for privacy and shade. Sincere sorrow rarely suffers its tears to be seen. It was natural for Isaac to select a season to weep in, which should resemble 'the colour of his fate.' The darkness, the solemnity, the stillness of eve, were favourable to his melancholy purpose. He forsook, therefore, the bustling tents of his father, the pleasant 'south country,' and 'well of Lahairoi,' he went out and pensively meditated at the eventide.

The Grecian and Roman philosophers firmly believed that 'the dead of midnight is the noon of thought.' One of them is beautifully described by the poet, as soliciting knowledge from the skies, in private and nightly audience, and that neither his theme, nor his nightly walks were forsaken till the sun appeared, and dimmed his 'nobler intellectual beam.' We undoubtedly owe to the studious nights of the ancients, most of their elaborate and immortal productions. Among them it was necessary that every man of letters should trim the midnight lamp. The day might be given to the Forum or the Circus, but the night was the season for the statesman to project his schemes, and for the poet to pour his verse. Night has likewise, with great reason, been considered, in every age, as the astronomer's day. Young observes, with energy, that 'an undevout astronomer is mad.' The privilege of contemplating those brilliant and numerous myriads of planets, which bedeck our skies, is peculiar to night, and it is our duty, both as lovers of moral and natural beauty, to bless that season, when we are indulged with such a gorgeous display of glittering and useful radiance. It must be confessed that the seclusion, calmness, and tranquillity of midnight, is most friendly to serious and even airy contemplations. Milton, in one of his poems, says fervently,

Let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
.....To unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook.

The rigid Dr. Johnson was so convinced that late hours were auxiliary to the *feast of reason, and the flow of soul*, that he used to declare, 'no man, but a scoundrel, went to bed before midnight.' This expression was, perhaps, too strong, and he would not have used it, had he lived in a farm house. But his love of the conversation of men of letters, and his experience that Fancy is generally most wakeful, when Dullness sleeps, tempted him to employ a phrase which must startle every labourer, who, by mere lassitude of limb, is compelled early to retire.

Night being friendly to playful, no less than to metaphysical and abstract thought, not only the author and statesman watch, but likewise the sons of sociability and glee. Those, who 'eat the bread of carefulness,' go soon to bed, to digest their meal, and leave the darkened hours to be enjoyed by men of genius, or wasted by men of pleasure. St. Paul avers that they that be drunken, are drunken in the night, and I know that its broad mantle is frequently employed to cover excess from the world. Still the arrival of night is greeted by many, who wish neither to sleep, nor drink it away. Conversation often holds a levee at midnight, and Wit, Sentiment, and Song, like the Fairies, assemble and sport before the cock crow. I think it treason to this sable power, who holds divided empire with day, constantly to shut our eyes at her approach. To long sleep I am decidedly a foe. As it is expressed by a quaint writer, we shall all have enough of that in the grave. Those, who cannot break the silence of night by vocal throat, or eloquent tongue, may be permitted to disturb it by a snore. But he, among my readers, who possesses the power of fancy and strong thought, should be vigilant as a watchman. Let him sleep abundantly for health, but sparingly for sloth. It is better, sometimes, to consult a page of philosophy than the pillow.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GENUINE MEMOIR OF TALLEYRAND.

There is no science more greedy of facts, than that of political economy. The art of collecting, arranging, and weighing them, constitutes it almost wholly; and, under this view, it has more to expect from observation, than from genius; for upon the coming of that period, when, under the penalty of knowing nothing, it will be necessary to prove every thing, facts will be the verifiers of science, after having been its materials.

It is, however, essential to guard against that mania which would forever repeat experiments, believing nothing, that it may be privileged to know nothing; and against that rashness, which disdaining every thing that is certain, is more pleased to conjecture than to examine.

What then should be the course? To unite constantly the fruits of observation with those of study; to admit, without hesitation, such results as are given by established facts, that are consistent and perfect; and to enlighten new questions, and even the obscurities of old ones, by facts, which are either new, or have been lately observed. We must beware of first appearances, the axioms of sloth and ignorance; and we must much distrust those ambitious *principles*, which would embrace every consideration; or rather, correcting the acceptation of a word which has been but too much abused, we should call by the name of *principle* only that idea which is first in the order of the argument, and not that which is general; that which precedes, and not that which governs.

Full of these truths, to which every thing calls us, I have thought it in my power to present to that class of the Institute, to which I have the honour of belonging, some observations I was enabled to make in America, the results of which have more than once astonished me.

I have persuaded myself that some of these observations, verified throughout the extent of a country that for a long time must remain new, might be brought to the treasury of political science, and there received with that favour, which, in the department of natural history, is

shewn to the simplest production that is picked p by the traveller on his route.

Unhappily the spirit of system is to science what the spirit of party is to society; it learns how to abuse even facts; for it perverts them, or alters their character; an additional reason, not indeed to despise them, but to examine well both what they are, and what they prove.

It is proverbially said that there is no disputing about facts; when this proverb shall be true, there will be few disputes among men.

One fact, remarkable in the history of commercial relations, and which I have myself observed, has taught me the necessity of strictly regarding things as they are, while we occupy ourselves with what they will, or what they ought to be. It is the ever-growing activity of the relations of commerce between G. Britain and the United States; an activity which, from its causes and its consequences, appertains no less to the political economy than to the philosophic history of nations.

When after that bloody struggle, in which Frenchmen defended so well the cause of their new allies, the United States of America found themselves freed from the dominion of England, every circumstance justified the persuasion that the commercial ties, which but for a short time had united those nations, were about to break, and that others were on the eve of formation; the memory of the oppressions which had weighed down the Americans; the fresh image of the evils of a seven years war; the humiliation of depending anew, for their wants, upon a people who would have enslaved them; and the military distinctions still subsisting in every family of their country to perpetuate a jealousy and hatred of Great Britain.

If we add to all this, that natural sentiment of confidence which attached the Americans to the French, their liberators and brethren in arms; if we recollect how this sentiment manifested itself upon the declaration of war between England and France; that, at this epoch, the conversation of the American people, the majority of the public prints, and even the acts of the government seemed to betray a strong leaning towards the French, and an aversion no less strong from the English—all these reasons, so powerful when united, should have carried us to this result, that the American commerce was forever diverted from its channel, or that if it still inclined to the side of England, but few efforts were requisite to draw it wholly to ourselves. Since that time there have been new views of the relations between colonies and the mother country, and of the empire of tastes and habits; new sentiments upon the most predominant causes of the prosperity of commerce, and upon the direction it may receive from moral agents, combined with interest. There has also been an abundance of errors in political economy. Observation, and that well kept up, can alone prevent these errors.

Whoever has studied America cannot doubt that at this time, in the greatest part of her habits, she remains English; that her former commerce with England has acquired rather than lost activity, since her independence, and, consequently, that this independence, far from being pernicious to Great Britain, has been much to her advantage. An indisputable fact demonstrates it. America consumes annually more than three millions sterling of English merchandise, while fifteen years since she did not consume the half of it; here is to Great Britain, at once, an increase of the exportation of her own merchandises, and an exemption from the old expenses of government. Such a fact, inscribed upon the books of the custom-house cannot be contested; but, as I have before said, there is no fact that is not abused. If we look upon this consequence as necessarily attached to every severance of all, even sugar colonies, from the mother country, we should strangely deceive ourselves. If, on the other hand, we regard it as the effect of transitory causes, and that it is easy to obtain an opposite result, we shall not be the less deceived. The causes of the fact, if developed accurately, will secure us from both errors.

It is our duty to say it instantly—the unreflecting conduct of the old government of France has prepared this fortunate result for Great Britain. If after the peace which guaranteed to the United States their independence, France had felt the whole value of her position, she would have continued eagerly to multiply the relations, which, during the war, had been happily established between her and her new allies, and interrupted with Great Britain; at that time old habits were almost forgotten, at least their reinstatement might have been opposed with some shew of advantage. But what was the conduct of France at that period? She feared lest the same principles of independence, which, in America, she had protected by her arms, should be introduced at home; and at the peace she discontinued and discouraged every relation with the Americans. What did England? She forgot her resentments, and readily opened the ancient communication, now made still more active. From that moment was it decided that America should subserve the interests of England. To this end what was wanting? Simply the will and the power; and both the will and the power were theirs.

It is inclination or interest which determines the will. At first it appears strange and almost paradoxical to pretend that the Americans are carried toward England by inclination; but we must never forget that the people of America are a people without passions; that victory and time have overcome their hatred, and that with them inclination resolves itself into habit; now all their habits draw them to England. Their identity of language is a principal relation, whose influence we cannot meditate too much. This identity places between the men of these two countries a common character, which will always make them know and stand by each other; they will mutually think themselves at home, while each is travelling the country of the other; they will exchange, with a reciprocal pleasure, the multitude of their thoughts, and every discussion of their interests, while an insurmountable barrier is raised between the people of a different language, whom every word admonishes of their different origin; between whom every communication of thought is a painful labour, and not an enjoyment; who never arrive at a perfect understanding of each other; and who find the result of every conversation, after having fatigued themselves by their impotent efforts, to be the ridiculousness of both. Through that extent of America which I have travelled, not an Englishman have I seen who did not feel himself an American, nor a Frenchman who was not a stranger.

We should still less be astonished in finding this intimacy with England in a country the striking features of whose constitutions, whether state or federal. are impressed with so strong a resemblance of the great lineaments of the English constitution. Upon what at present reposes the liberty of America? Upon the foundations of English liberty, the Habeas Corpus, and the Trial by Jury. Attend upon the sittings of congress, and upon those of the particular legislatures; notice the debates which precede the passage of a law; whence do they cite their examples and analogies? From the English laws, from the customs of Great Britain, and the rules of parliament. Enter into the courts of justice, what authorities do they adduce? The orders, the opinions, and the decisions of English courts. Assuredly if these men have no tendency to Great Britain, we must deny the influence of laws, and the modification of man by the objects which surround them. In vain do the names of monarchy and republic seem to place between the two governments distinctions not to be confounded; it is clear to every man who goes to the bottom of ideas, that in the representative constitution of England there is a republic as there is a monarchy in the executive power of the Americans. This was particularly true during the presidency of General Washington, the attachment to whose person, through all America, aptly represents that kind of magical power, which jurists attribute to monarchies.

That part of the American nation in which one should meet the fewest prejudices, the men who unite ease and information, who were the promoters of the revolution, and who having breathed into the souls of the people a hatred of England should be forever penetrated with it themselves, these men are drawn insensibly to Great Britain by other motives. Many of them were educated in Europe: and at that time the Europe of the Americans was England; they have no comparative ideas of grandeur, power, and elevation, but such as are furnished them by objects drawn from England; and surprised themselves at the hardihood of their separation, they are involuntarily excited to respect her. They cannot dissemble that without the assistance of France they would never have shaken off the yoke of England; but unfortunately they think the services of nations are calculations, and not attachments; they even say that the old government of France, when it made sacrifices in their favour, desired their independence rather than their liberty; and that after having aided in their emancipation, it sought to keep them disunited, that they might find themselves liberated, but without the wisdom to govern, or the power to protect.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

I have just looked into Madam Genlis' "Les Chevaliers Du Cygne." The stile is neat and easy, and remarkable for that bewitching vivacity so conspicuous in French pages. But many of the incidents and scenes are trite and threadbare. Descriptions of the feats and knights of chivalry abound. We have tilts and tournaments, golden helmets and nodding plumes in plenty. Prancing coursers, splendidly caparisoned, stand in every stable. Bright lances, fit for immediate use, may be had by every squire, who will ask for them—

> "And throngs of ladies, whose bright eyes,
> Rain influence, and judge the prize
> Of wit or arms, while both contend
> To win her grace, whom all commend."

In all this there is much glitter; and brass and gold ring very sweetly, when struck by the fair hand of Madame Genlis. But, this "age of chivalry" may be seen in my antiquated Don Belianis of Greece, and Felixmarte of Hyrcania, and the legend of Sir Tristram, and in every page of Amadis de Gaul. It is a curious, and may be a profitable speculation, to reflect on the vicissitudes of learning and taste, as they respect both the study and the admiration or neglect of legendary lore. In the earlier annals of the Spanish story, we find every high minded Castilian studious of the exaggerated, or fabulous tales of Knight errantry, and burning to signalize him-

self, by the relief of a damsel, the dissolution of an enchantment, the breaking of a lance, a ride upon a griffin, or a rencounter with a giant. In the midst of this delusion Satire and Cervantes* sprang into the lists, and knights and squires and dwarfs and damsels, and castles and burning lakes vanished like the morning mists from the mountain. This rout of the whole host of chivalry was so total, that books of knight errantry either remained, mouldering in the dust of neglected libraries, or, if opened, were read only as food for spleen, or incentive to merriment. This is the age of revolutions. On a sudden, in the full blaze of the eighteenth century, Madame G. whether goaded by the reproaches of Burke, or solicited by the fickle and depraved taste of the Parisians, composes, or rather compiles, volumes of the exploits of feudal heroes, and the ceremonies of chivalry. We are led backward to the caverns of ruder time. We are introduced to old courtiers, old fashioned courtesy, old prejudices, excellent however, and, like old damask and brocade though stiff and unyielding, yet serviceable and sound. We have no reason to be ashamed of these acquaintance, but we are surprized at this day, to find ourselves in their company. Since Cervantes wrote, and since the epoch of French revolution, the *fashion* of knighthood has *passed away*. It is difficult, after the perusal of Don Quixote, to restrain merriment at the name of a castle or a knight. The object of Madame de Genlis in leading her reader among tilts and tournaments and "throngs of knights and barons bold" perhaps was to contrast more forcibly the *tricks* of innnovation with the dignified and regular costume of early times, but her object might have been better accomplished by describing the court of Henry of Navarrre, rather than that of Charlemagne.

Here, let us rest. To find fault, with books, useful in the main, is an odious task. To speak harshly of a *lady*, who has deserved so well of morals and literature as Madame de G. is no less repugnant to gallantry and politeness than to sound criticism. The *principles* in these books are excellent. They incite to deeds of valour, justice and benevolence. It must not by any means be omitted, that this lady is not of the modern French school. She has received her education under better masters than the Abbé Sieyes, or the impious Le Paux. She has evidently been taught according to the straightest sect of a fourth Henry and fourteenth Louis. She has kneeled at the feet of none of the recent Gallic Gamaliels. She is an ancient gentlewoman, arrayed in courtly robes, in the gorgeous vestments of Maria Antoinette, not in the flimzy and *scanty* drapery of Tallien, or in the filthy rags of a suburban Poissarde. Of the revolution mongers and *philosophers* of France, she expresses her opinion either in the loud tones of anger, or with the hiss of contempt. It is truly honorable to this correct and virtuous matron that she nourishes a hatred for that false philosophy, the bane of the human race, and in France the grand principle of destruction, the *original sin* of the government. Describing the learned conversations in the court of Charlemagne, she sarcastically and expressively subjoins that the discourses of that Prince were not from the *academy;* and that he had the good fortune not to number a single *philosopher* in all his vast dominions. Her sarcasm, she continually repeats, is levied at the *pretended* philosophers, at the professors of impiety, and the reviler of morals and religion, and, to use her own words, literally translated, "she loves and honors from the bottom of her soul *genuine* philosophers, *real* friends to wisdom and virtue, such as Socrates, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, among the ancients, and, among the moderns, Pascal, Masillon Fenelon, Addison, &c. Such sentiments as these cannot be too frequently repeated, nor too loudly prased.

* He, whose Knight's distinguished name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame
Whose tales even now, with echoes sweet
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat

COLLINS.

—

Paul Whitehead was but an indifferent poet, and I dislike not only his rhymes, but his principles, for he was a malecontent, and a clamorous bawler against authority. Yet even in the crude works of this man, I have found an admirable and poetical description of his pleasures of the table.

E'er wants my table the health cheering meal,
With Banstead mutton crown'd, or Essex veal?
Smokes not from Lincoln meads the stately loin,
And rosy gammon of Hantonian swine?
From Dorking's roost the feather'd victims bleed,
And Thames still wafts me Ocean's scaly breed;
Tho' Gallia's wines their costly juice deny,
Still Tajo's banks the jocund glass supply;
Still distant worlds nectareous treasures roll,
And either India sparkles in my bowl;
Or Devon's boughs, or Dorset's bearded fields,
To Britain's arms a British beverage yields.

—

In Law's 'Serious Call,' a book fervent in piety, and abounding in sketches of character, drawn by a pencil dipt in permanent colours, I find a picture of a light and inconstant man, which is so happily and humourously executed that La Bruyere might acknowledge the artist for his disciple. Edward Gibbon, Esq. hints that the capricious original was his father.

"Flavus is rich, and in health, yet always uneasy, and always searching after happiness. Every time you visit him, you find some new project in his head; he is eager upon it, as something that is more worth his while, and will do more for him than any thing that is already past. Every new thing so seizes him, that if you were to take him from it, he would think himself quite undone. His sanguine temper and strong passions promise him so much happiness in every thing, that he is alway cheated and satisfied with nothing.

At his first setting out in life, fine clothes were his delight; his inquiry was only after the best taylors and peruke-makers, and he had no thoughts of excelling in any thing but dress. He spared no expense, but carried every nicety to its greatest height. But this happiness not answering his expectation, he left off his brocades, put on a plain coat, railed at fops and beaux, and gave himself up to gaming with great eagerness.

This new pleasure satisfied him for some time, and he envied no other way of life. But being, by the fate of play, drawn into a duel, where he narrowly escaped his death, he left off the dice, and sought for happiness no longer among the gamesters.

The next thing that seized his wandering imagination was the the diversions of the town; and, for more than a twelvemonth, you heard him talk of nothing but ladies, drawing-rooms, plays, balls, and assemblies. But growing sick of these, he had recourse to hard drinking. Here he had many a merry night, and met with stronger joys than ever he had felt before. Here he had thoughts of setting up his staff, and looking out no farther. But, unluckily, falling into a fever, he grew angry with strong liquors, and took his leave of the happiness of being drunk.

The next attempt after happiness carried him into the field; for two or three years nothing was so happy as hunting. He entered upon it with all his soul, and leaped more hedges and ditches than had ever been known in so short a time. You never saw him but in a green coat, he was the envy of all that blow the horn, and always spoke to his dogs in great propriety of language. If you met him at home in a bad day, you would hear him blow his horn, and be entertained with the surprising feats of the last noble chase. No sooner had Flavus outdone all the world in the breed and education of his dogs, with new kennels, new stables, and bought a new hunting seat, but he immediately got sight of another happiness, hated the senseless noise and hurry of hunting, gave away his dogs, and was for some time after deep in the pleasures of building.

Now he invents new kinds of dove-cotes, and has such contrivances in his barns and stables as were never seen before. He wonders at the dullness of the old builders, is wholly bent on the improvement of architecture, and will hardly hang a door in the ordinary way. He tells his friends he never was so delighted in any thing in his life; that he has more happiness among his brick and mortar, than ever he had at court; and that he is contriving how to have some little matter to do that way, as long as he lives.

The next year he leaves his house unfinished, complains to every body of masons and carpenters, and devotes himself wholly to the happiness of riding about. After this you can never see him but on horseback, and so highly delighted with this new way of life, that he would tell you, give him but his horse, and a clear country to ride in, and you might take all the rest to yourself. A variety of new saddles and bridles, and a great change of horses, added much to the pleasure of this new way of life. But, however, having after some time tired both himself and his horses, the happiest thing he could think of next was to go abroad, and visit foreign countries; and there, indeed, happiness exceeded his imagination; and he was only uneasy that he had begun so fine a life no sooner. The next month he returned home, unable to bear any longer the impertinence of foreigners.

After this, he was a great student for one whole year; he was up early and late at his Italian Grammar, that he might have the happiness of understanding the opera, whenever he should hear one, and not be like those unreasonable people that are pleased with they don't know what.

Flavus is very ill-natured, or otherwise, just as his affairs happen to be, when you visit him. If you find him when some project is almost worn out, you will find a peevish, ill bred man. But if you had seen him, just as he had entered upon his riding regimen, or begun to excel in sounding of the horn, you had been saluted with great civility.

Flavus is now at a full stand, and is doing, what he never did in his life before. He is reasoning and reflecting with himself. He loses several days in considering which of his cast off ways of life he should try again. But a new project comes to his relief. He is now living upon herbs, and running about the country to get himself into wind."

—

Edward Gibbon, Esq. who was the very reverse of a republican, and who wisely cherished a respect for ancestry, and who justly believed in the natural *in*equality of mankind, thus congratulates himself, in the lofty tone of a cavalier, that he was not one of the base vulgar of a democracy.

"My lot might have been that of a slave, a savage, or a peasant; nor can I reflect, without pleasure, on the bounty of nature, which cast my birth in a free and civilised country, in an age of science and philosophy, in a family of honourable rank, and decently endowed with the gifts of fortune,"

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF THOMAS GRAY, LL.B.

[Continued.]

In 1747, Mr. Mason, then scholar of St. John's College, afterwards fellow of Pembroke-Hall, was introduced to his acquintance. He had written the year before, his "Monody on the Death of Pope," and his "Il Bellicoso," and "Il Pacifico," and Gray had revised them at the request of a friend. This laid the foundation of an intimacy, which continued without interruption during the life of Gray. The same year, a favourite cat, belonging to Mr. Walpole, happening to be drowned, Gray amused himself on the occasion, with writing an elegant little *Ode;* in which he happily united both humour and instruction.

The following year was distinguished by a far more important effort of his muse, the initiatory fragment of an *Essay on the Alliance of Education and Government*, which is superior to every thing in the same style of writing in our language. He intended to shew, that both should concur to produce great and useful men. It was intended to be addressed to the President Montesquieu, and probably the intervening death of that great man might be a means of his relinquishing his purpose. It opens with two similies, an uncommon kind of exordium; but which it is probable, he intentionally chose to imitate the analogical method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her gen'rous birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins:
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The soil, tho' fertile, will not teem in vain,
Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies:
So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
Unform'd unfriended, by those kindly cares,
That health and vigour to the soul impart,
Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart:
So fond instruction on the growing powers
Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
If equal justice with unclouded face
Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
And scatter with a free, tho' frugal hand,
Light golden showers of plenty o'er the land:
But Tyranny has fix'd her empire there,
To check their tender hopes with chiling fear,
And blast the blooming promise of the year.
This spacious animated scene survey,
From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
His sable sons with nearer course surrounds
To either pole, and life's remotest bounds.
How rude soe'er the exterior form we find,
Howe'er opinion tinge the varied mind,
Alike to all, the kind, impartial heaven
The sparks of truth and happiness has given:
With sense to feel, with memory to retain,
They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain:
Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
The event presages, and explores the cause;
The soft returns of gratitude they know,
By fraud elude, by force repel the foe;
While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
The social smile and sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
To different climes seem different souls assign'd?
Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease
Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace;
There industry and gain their vigils keep,
Command the winds, and tame the unwilling deep:
Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail;
There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
Oft o'er the trembling nation from afar
Has Scythia breath'd the living cloud of war;
And, where the deluge bursts, with sweepy sway
Their arms, their kings, their gods were roll'd away.
As oft have issued, host impelling host,
The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.
The prostrate south to the destroyer yields
Her boasted titles, and her golden fields:
With grim delight the brood of Winter view
A brighter day, and heavens of azure hue,
Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.
Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
While European freedom still withstands
Th' encroaching tide that drowns her lessening lands;
And sees far off with an indignant groan
Her native plains, and empires once her own?
Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame
O'erpower the fire that animates our frame;
As lamps, that shed at eve a cheeeful ray,
Fade and expire beneath the eye of day?
Need we the influence of the northern star
To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war?
And where the face of Nature laughs around,
Must sick'ning Virtue fly the tainted ground?
Unmanly thought! what seasons can controul.
What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
By Reason's light, on Resolution's wings,
Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
O'er Lybia's deserts and through Zembla' snows?
She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
Another touch, another temper take,
Suspends the inferior laws that rule our clay:
The stubborn elements confess her sway;
Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.
Not but the human fabric from the birth
Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth.
As various tracts enforce a various toil,
The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain:
For where unwearied sinews must be found
With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
To turn the torrent's swift descending flood,
To brave the savage rushing from the wood,
What wonder, if to patient valour train'd,
They guard with spirit what by strength they gain'd?
And while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
(As lawless force from confidence will grow)
Insult the plenty of the vales below?
What wonder, in the sultry climes, that spread,
Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
And broods o'er Ægypt with his wat'ry wings,
If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
The dusky people drive before the gale;
Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide.

* * * * * * * * *

How much it is to be lamented, that Gray did not complete what he thus admirably begun! The design is the noblest which he ever attempted; and also, as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished.

The *Ode on Eton College* was his first English production which appeared in print. It was published in folio, by Dodsley, in 1747; about the same time, at Mr. Walpole's request, he sat for his picture to Echart; in which, on a paper which he held in his hand, Mr. Walpole wrote the title of this ode; and to intimate his own high and just opinion of it, added this line of Lucian by way of motto.

"Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."

This highly-finished ode, together with his three other monostrophic odes, *On Spring*, *On a favourite Cat*, *To Adversity* was afterwards inserted in "Dodsley's Miscellany." In 1750, he put his last hand to the *Elegy written in a country Church-Yard*, which, when finished, was communicated first to Mr. Walpole, and by him to several persons of distinction. This brought Gray acquainted with Lady Cobham, and furnished an occasion for his *Long Story*, a slight composition in ballad-measure in which some colours of wit and humour are intimately blended. The *Elegy* having found its way into the "Magazine of Magazines," he wrote to Mr. Walpole, Feb. 11, 1751, desiring he would put his own manuscript into the hands of Dodsley, and order him to print it. This was the most popular of all his productions. It ran through eleven editions in a very short space of time, was finely translated into Latin by Anstey and Roberts, and in the same year another, tho' inferior, version of it was published by Lloyd. In the manuscript copy he gave it only the simple title of *Stanzas written in a Country Church-Yard*. Mr. Mason persuaded him to call it an *Elegy*, because the subject authorized him to do so, and the alternate measures in which it was written, seemed peculiarly adapted to this species of composition.

In 1753, Mr. Bentley, wishing to supply every ornament that his pencil could contribute, drew not only for the Elegy but for the rest of Gray's productions, a set of designs, which were handsomely repaid by the following complimentary Stanzas, many of which are equal in merit to the best of his most finished poems.

In silent gaze the tuneful choir among
Half pleas'd half blushing, let the muse admire,
While Bentley leads her sister art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.
See, in their course, each transitory thought
Fix'd by his touch, a lasting essence take:
Each dream, in Fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake!
The tardy rhymes that us'd to linger on,
To censure cold, and negligent of fame,
In swifter measures animated run,
And catch a lustre from his genuine flame.
Ah! could they catch his strength, his easy grace,
His quick creation, his unerring line;
The energy of Pope they might efface,
And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.
But not to one in this benighted age
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.
As when conspiring in the diamond's blaze,
The meaner gems, that singly charm the sight,
Together dart their intermingled rays,
And dazzle with a luxury of light.
Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
My lines a secret sympathy *convey;*
And as their pleasing influence *there shall rest*,
A sigh of soft reflection steal *away*.

The paper on which the last stanza was written being broken, the words in italics have been supplied.

The panegyric is undoubtedly carried too far; there is so much of grotesque fancy in those designs, that they have not universally been admired. Let the reader attend to the second stanza of these addressed to Mr. Bentley, and then turn to the design for the *Ode to Adversity*. Let him behold the Quarter Staff of Jupiter, the Horse-Lock, the Hunting Whip, and the Talons, but let him not bid defiance to risibility.

In the March following, Gray sustained the loss of his mother, which he felt long and severely. His conduct to her had been exemplary, and she merited all the tenderness and attention she had received.

She was buried in the same vault, where her sister's remains had been deposited, at Stoke. As the inscription on the tombstone was undoubtedly written by Gray, it would here, on that account, claim a place, but it has, independently of this consideration a peculiar pathos and true inscriptive simplicity to recommend it.

In the vault beneath,
are deposited, in hope of a joyful resurrection,
the Remains of
MARY ANTROBUS.
She died, unmarried, Nov. 5, 1749, aged 66.
In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister,
here sleep the Remains of
DOROTHY GRAY,
Widow,
the careful tender mother of many children,
one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her.
She died March 11, 1753, aged 67.

Gray finished his *Ode on the progress of Poesy*, early in 1755; the *Bard* was also begun about that time, and the following beautiful unfinished piece, *On the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude*. The additions distinguished by inverted commas, are by the Rev. Mr. Mason.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil check, and whisper soft,
She wooes the tardy spring:
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;

And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest, green.

New-born flocks in rustic dance,
frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapt'rous choir among;
Hark! 'tis Nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song.
"Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow:
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony and love."

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descrys
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue:
Behind the steps that Misery treads,
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear chrystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.
"While" far below the "madding" crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,"
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
"And" perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where Indolence, and Pride,
"Sooth'd by Flattery's tinkling sound,
Go," softly rolling, side by side,
Their dull, but daily round:
"To these, if Hebe's self should bring
The purest cup from Pleasure's spring;
Say, can they taste the flavour high
Of sober, simple, genuine joy?

Mark Ambition's march sublime
Up to Power's meridian height;
While pale-ey'd Envy sees him climb,
And sickens at the sight.
Phantoms of Danger, Death, and Dread,
Float hourly round Ambition's head;
While Spleen, within his rival's breast,
Sits brooding on her scorpion nest.

Happier he, the peasant, far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.
He, when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noontide sun;
And hie him home at evening's close,
To sweet repast, and calm repose.

He, unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day, the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health."

In 1756, he removed from St. Peter's College to Pembroke-Hall, in consequence of two or three young men of fortune, who lived in the stair-case, having, for some time, intentionally disturbed him with their riots. He complained to the governing part of the society; and not thinking that this remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, he "left his lodgings," as he himself expresses it, "because the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house uncivil."

On the death of Cibber, in 1757, the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, made him an offer of the vacant office of Poet-Laureat, through the hands of Lord John Cavendish, his brother; but the disgrace brought on that office, by the inability of some who had filled it, probably induced him to decline the appointment, which was bestowed on Whitehead.

The same year, he published the *Progress of Poesy*, and the *Bard*, his two greatest lyric performances. Their merit was not immediately perceived, nor generally acknowledged. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Lloyd and Colman wrote in concert two odes to "Oblivion" and "Obscurity," in which they were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

In 1759, his curiosity drew him away from Cambridge, to a lodging in Southampton-row, near the Museum, where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing. His extracts, amounting in all to a tolerably-sized folio, were put into the possession of Lord Orford, who printed the speech of Sir Thomas Wyat from them, in the second number of his "Miscellaneous Antiquities."

(To be continued.)

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

Before the Lord Chief Baron and a Special Jury.

Miss Robertson v. Oakley and others.

This was an action brought by Miss Robertson, of Blackheath notoriety, against the defendants who are upholsterers, linen drapers, &c.

Mr. Garrow, for the prosecutrix, alluded to the circumstances of notoriety under which the reports have been raised against her. He was not apprehensive she would suffer this day either from his Lordship's or the Jury's knowledge of the libels of the *Lady in men's cloaths*, the *Gentleman in Ladies cloaths*, the *Female Swindler*, and other such trash with which the press has teemed. Miss Robertson, in her instructions to him, has stated that she was perfectly willing that the whole of her life should be investigated in this place, were it not that she was apprehensive that it would take up too much of the time of the Court. This was in fact a simple action of trover, to recover certain articles of upholstery goods taken from her house at Blackheath. He entered into the history of her dealing with the house of Oakley and Co. and their magazine of fashion; he mentioned the furniture of the drawing-room, which was to be dado, sky cielings, compartments, &c. and took notice of Mr. Creasy's attachment to Miss Robertson's venison, and his extreme liking to ride in her fine coach. He related the conversation that took place after dinner with Mr. Oakley, Mr. Creasy, and Miss R. relating to an anonymous letter received, respecting Oakley's having reported she owed him 1000l.—On his being taxed with it, he denied it, saying that he never had made any such assertion. Soon after this, Mr. Oakley presented himself at the area door of her house, and asking if one of his men had brought a carpet for the drawing-room, he got admittance, and let in half a dozen of his men, who never left it till they had taken out all the goods she had from him and other persons. Any *ordinary*, *dull*, *stupid*, *honest tradesman*, would have been content to have arrested her; to go to a trial, to get a verdict, and enter up a judgment, before he undertook to make a judgment of his own, and take out the goods from the other creditors. Mr. Garrow concluded by expressing a hope that the Jury would, by their verdict, afford a wholesome lesson to tradesmen for their future conduct. He then proceeded to call his evidence.

Thomas Hawkins lives with Mr. Wheatley, at Greenwich. He lived as a Coachman with Miss R. and is well acquainted with her removal from Coomb-hill to the Paragon, and also with the circumstance of the goods being removed from the house at the Paragon by five persons who had brought them there some time before, under the direction of Mr. Oakley, who was present: the house was, he believes, very well furnished.

Cross-examined by Serjeant Shepherd.—She kept a smart carriage, but had no arms on it; she had left the house the night before the goods were removed by Oakely's men. He could not undertake to swear positively to her hand writing, nor could he remember at what time she ordered a new carriage from Hatchett's, but thought 14 months. He drove her in the spring of the year to the Bishop of London's house, but she did not get admission there. He never drove her to Mr. Dundas's, or her sister, Lady Paget's.

Mr. Bishop was present at a transaction where he saw Oakley and Shackleton; he shewed him a paper; he said he would have nothing to do with it.

Miss Sharp kept a boarding school for young Ladies in partnership with Miss Robertson; when the latter went to the house at the Paragon, she took with her a number of articles, some of them purchased of Mr. Oakley, of the value, as she thinks, of 110l. the witness remembers the dining together of Miss R. Mr. Oakley, Mr. Creasy, and herself; on Mr. Oakley being told by Miss R. that she had received an anonymous letter, saying, that he had reported she owed him 1000l. he denied it; he had done business before for her, and was perfectly satisfied with her. A conversation then took place as to the extent which Mr. Oakley had given her credit, being 12 months, which he admitted was the case. The 110l. paid for the goods to Oakley was her money, and lent to her friend, Miss R.; she went to reside at the Paragon with Miss R. who mentioned in October, that she wished to go to view the Pascally estate, but it was then too late in the year; she does not remember her Trustees being in contemplation to sell the estates, or its being mentioned at all; as to her sister, Lady Paget, she used to speak of her as an intended sister; she expected to be so by her union with Colonel Cunninghame. Miss R. used frequently to speak of her relations, and at one time put herself in mourning to go to meet her grandfather's corps, but in consequence of the advice of Dr. Lettsom, that it would be too much for her nerves, gave it up. On the demise of a person she pretended to be her mother, she went into mourning for her and gave it out that she derived a handsome fortune from her, although her mother is still alive. When Miss R. went away from Blackheath, she removed her habitation from place to place till she had got to Huntingdon, where she was arrested. The witness denied most positively that either her or Miss R. ever were dressed in men's cloaths.

On a further examination by Mr. Garrow, she made a declaration, that she had never heard Miss R. say that she was in *possession* of property, but only that her connections and expectations were such, that she was certain of acquiring one. The valuation of the goods, as she understands, when they were taken away, was 1000l. or 1500l.

G. Ormerod, Sheriff's Officer, was called to prove a writ being issued against her, at the suit of Oakley, before the goods were taken away.

A gentleman proved the valuation of the goods, when, Serjeant Shepherd rose for the defence, and severely reprimanded the conduct of the prosecutrix in bringing forward the present action, situated as she is. Her arts and devices in deceiving her most intimate friend, he most pointedly reprobated and exposed. He made a very pleasant allusion to the character of *Yound Wilding*, in the *Lyar*, as to her deceiving her bosom friend. If she could and would do that, is it to be wondered at that she should dupe the Upholsterer, by keeping up the farce with all the art which she is fully mistress of, she could deceive Stone Masons, Bricklayers, Carpenters, and even Curriers to a considerable extent? The Learned Serjeant then read two letters, one from Miss Sharp, claiming a part of the goods taken out of the house as her own; and a second from Miss Robertson, indemnifying Mr. Oakley, if he would return to Miss Sharp, or make her compensation for any articles he might have taken away. He argued from them, that she had given Mr. Oakley liberty to take away the goods he did take, and that he was right in so doing. If he had not done so, he would have been most completely cheated out of every shilling; as it was he must lose 300l. or upwards by papering and decorating rooms, that could not be removed from the house. He was most certainly very hardly used by this shameful and scandalous action being brought against him; it could have no other effect, but that of adding still more to his already heavy losses; to recover on it was impossible.

The letters above were put in and read, when the learned Judge stopped the cause, declaring his decided opinion, that the two letters in question put an end to the action, that the connection between Miss R. and Miss S. was evidently of a swindling description, and that the plaintiff could not, upon any principle of equity or justice, be entitled to a verdict.

The plaintiff was accordingly nonsuited.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

Amsterdam, October 22, 1776.

Sir,

I enclose a letter which I expected to deliver ere this in person. I arrived here last Friday, and had so many inquiries to make, to gratify Mr. Deane's curiosity, that it has not been in my power to attend you so soon as I could wish. For fear that I should not be able to leave this to-morrow, to do myself the honour of waiting on you, I have sent this letter. When I come to the Hague I shall put up at the hotel de Turrenne, where you will do me much pleasure to leave your address particularly. The knowledge I have had of you, for many months, by Mr. Deane and others, makes me regret every moment that delays me here, and denies me the pleasure of assuring you, in person, how much I am, and what every true American is,

Your very humble servant,
Wm. Carmichael.

Philadelphia, October 24, 1776.

Sir,

Our worthy friend, Dr. Franklin, being indefatigable in the service of his country, and few men so qualified to be useful to the community of which he is a member. You will not be surprised that the unanimous voice of the congress of delegates from the United States of America has called upon him to visit the court of France in the character of one of their commissioners for negociating a treaty of alliance, &c. with that nation. He is the bearer of this letter, and on his arrival will forward it. To him we refer you for information as to the political state of this country; our design in addressing you, at this time, being only to continue that correspondence, which he has opened, and conducted hitherto with you, on our behalf. We request to hear from you frequently; and if you make use of the cypher, the doctor has communicated the knowledge of it to one of our members. Your letters, via St. Eustatia, directed to the committee of secret correspondence, then put under a cover to Mr. Robert Morris, merchant, Philadelphia, and that letter under cover to Mr. Cornelius Stevenson, or Mr. Henricus Godet, merchants at St. Eustatia, or under cover to Mr. Isaac Governeur, merchant, at Curracoa, will certainly come safe; and if you can send, with them, regular supplies of the English and other newspapers, you will add to the obligation. The expense of procuring them shall be reimbursed, together with any other charges, and a reasonable allowance for your time and trouble in this agency. The members of this committee, stiled the committee of secret correspondence, are John Jay, Esq. Thomas G. Johnston, Esq. Robert Morris, Esq. Col. Richard Henry Lee, William Hooper, Esq. and the Rev. Dr. John Witherspoon; and as vacancies happen by deaths, or absence, the congress fill them up with new members; which we mention for your information, and with great respect and esteem remain, sir, your most obedient humble servants,

Robert Morris.
Richard Henry Lee.
John Witherspoon.
William Hooper.

M. Dumas.

Amsterdam, October 27, 1776.

Dear Sir,

You owe to my forgetfulness what ought only to proceed from my respect, yet I will not quarrel with any thing that gives me an opportunity of writing to you.

I left the memoir on commerce in your hands, and it is necessary I should have it as soon as possible. I send you *Common Sense*, but you must look on my presents as *Indian* ones, for I, like they, expect much larger in return; as much as you please, and I am sure you can spare a great deal of what I send you. My present is only the rough material of America, your returns will be the elegant and superb manufactures of Europe. We have news here, that, if true, will be a voice of gladness in the wilderness, and is worthy to be promulgated by St. John, which is that the king's troops are defeated at New-York with very great loss. It comes from Bourdeaux. From France we hear that there will be no comptroller general, but a council of finance; others say that a comptroller is named. This is certainly the proper plan, if good and honest men can be found, but they are *raræ aves in terris*. The English mail is not arrived. I have a very angry letter from Mr. Wm. L. on the subject I mentioned to you, respecting Dr. B. I am happy to know I acted for the public good, and that, without partiality to any person, will, I hope, always be the rule of my conduct. I think there was a dispute between the disciples of St. John and I. C. about the efficacy of their baptism. I do not recollect how it was settled. I chanced, at first, to be one of the latter, but as too great pains cannot be taken in so important an affair, as that of salvation, to be secure, I acknowledge and believe, with great faith and respect, in the mission of both. You know, too, that all good catholics, and catholic countries, have their patron saint. You may be assured that St. John never had a more sincere disciple, or St. Antony a more devout Portuguese than, dear sir, your very obliged, and most humble servant,

Wm. Carmichael.

P. S. I entreat you to make the proper compliments for me to Madame and your young gentleman. Finding, from Mons. Michael Rey, that I could not send the pamphlet, I mentioned, with safety, before to-morrow, I write by the post, that I may have yours, and answer the memoir, as soon as possible.

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Benjamin Johnson, Jacob Johnson, and Robert Johnson, of Philadelphia, propose to publish by subscription, a beautiful edition of Select British Poets; from the text of the best editors, with the Biographical and Critical Prefaces of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the Didactic Essays, or Preliminary Criticism of Dr. John Aikin.

Conditions.—They shall be printed, as nearly as practicable, in Volumes of about 216 pages, 18mo. on superfine wove medium paper. The type shall be new, and as handsome as any that is made, and the typography by the best printers in Philadelphia.

Each Volume shall have an elegant engraving, executed by the first artists in the United States. The Price to Subscribers for each Volume, delivered in boards, will be sixty-two and a half cents It is computed, that the poetry which may be thought worthy a place in this edition, will make about one hundred volumes—It is, however, impracticable to ascertain the precise number.

In the year 1777, the London Booksellers, eager to publish the National Poetry, in an elegant and uniform manner, and conscious, that some Editorial aid was neeessary, engaged Dr. Johnson to prepare some prefatory matter to the works of each poet. At first, nothing more was intended than a short narrative, and a slight criticism, in the form of the notices, or advertisements, in the French Miscellanies. Luckily for literature, the strong memory, the ardent imagination, and the acute judgment of Johnson were all quickened in this pleasing service; and, instead of a paragraph of meagre dates, he produced copious pages of such criticism and such entertainment, as have been rarely exceeded in the annals of Biography. It would have been still more fortunate for learning and taste, if the choice of the Poets, and the whole responsibility of the edition had been committed to one so admirably qualified for the task of an Editor. But either from partial or interested motives, either from unaccountable ignorance, depraved taste, or wilful error, the whole body of London Booksellers deliberately presented a voluminous collection, in which the brightest gems of some British bards were excluded to make way for the tinsel of others. And elegant critic, shortly after the appearance of this ill-chosen collection, remarked, 'that it restored to temporary life many a sickly and dying poet, who was hastening to his proper place, the tomb of oblivion.'

Impressed with the truth of such criticism, and urged by the propriety of such a plan, Dr. Aikin has undertaken, with the aid of the pencil of Stothard, and the burine of Heath, to *re-edit* the works of the English Poets.

For the able and elegant performance of such a task, Dr. Aikin has given repeated pledges to the Public, in those critical Essays, which he has, at various periods, prefixed to the poems of Milton, Thomson, Somerville, Green, Armstrong and Goldsmith. A writer so well skilled in literary history, so habituated to criticism, of a temper so candid, and a style so pure, cannot fail of exhibiting to advantage the works of those eminent Bards, who are justly the boast of their nation.—He who follows such guides as Johnson and Aikin, cannot stumble in literature.

It is principally from this edition, which appears to be perfect, and forms a happy union of Poetry, Biography, and Criticism, that the American Editors propose to publish theirs, and to commence with a selection of the best and most popular poets. They are determined that their edition shall prove the fidelity and accuracy of the Corrector, and the beauty of the Philadelphia press. They will be sedulously careful in their choice of authors; and if public patronage be commensurate with their reasonable expectations, they venture to stipulate the gradual exhibition of a mass of poetry equally voluminous, and equally valuable with any that has yet been published.

At the present period, a taste for polite literature in general, and for elegant poesy in particular, is obviously increasing. The Publishers therefore presume but little, when they anticipate, from the literary habits, as well as liberality of their American friends, all that aid necessary to support them in the execution of a work, which will imperiously demand great care, expense, and toil.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Duane has commenced a series of essays, in the Aurora, which he entitles "A Vindication of the Democratic Constitutions of America." From this source of light and knowledge, the world may expect to be illumined to an extent far beyond all former experience. There is a peculiar destiny attached to this dazzling luminary of science and darling of erudition. Like his prototype, the sun, he first appeared in *the East*; but, "unlike the God of day, he scorns the hypothesis which made the sun the centre of the system, and the earth to move not only round the sun, but round its own axis also." Copernicus, that learned sage, could do no more than adopt and improve upon the system of the Pythagorean sect of philosophers—but Sir John Shore, a distinguished philosopher of Calcutta, has the exclusive merit of discovering, that this modern luminary, the present Aurora-man, most resembled, of all the planets, the earth, because he could be made to move round an axis of his own; or, in other words—*a pole;* so that, for the purpose of distinguishing this from all other systems, it has been emphatically styled the Duanian or *polar* system.

—

O'Keefe, in his facetious farce, "The Doldrum," makes Sir Marmaduke endeavour to persuade old Septimus that, during his Septennial slumber, several new gazettes have started up, the fantastic titles of which are ennumerated with great volubility. Among others is the "*This, That, and Tother*," which would serve admirably as an appropriate title for many of our *impartial* papers.

—

FOR SALE,

At the Aurora office, a very curious transparency of the head of Duane, the skull entirely of paper, borne on a *pole*. In the distant perspective a shadow of a *breakfast*, with Sir John Shore.

—

Duane frequently vaunts of his knowledge of East Indian scenery, and talks of *jungles*, and of *Borum* Baftas, as though he had roved, at large, among the one, or invested his **recreant limbs* with the other. Unfortunately for the credit of his Asiatic traveller, Sir John Shore, and other British impertinents, were so unreasonable as to debar him from these privileges and even compel him, like Pantagruel, in Rabelais, to swallow *non entities* by anticipation, to stay his stomach with romantic belief, and *breakfast* upon a *chimera!*

—

Lord Chancellor Thurlow was of a temper singularly morose, and his language was sometimes as boisterous as that of a boatswain. His natural irritability was in the decline of his life aggravated by the gout and political vexations, and in his paryoxsms of ill humour, he was wont to swear with a volubility and vehemence which but ill accorded with the gravity and dignity of his station. About the year 1790, Mr. Sheridan then of the Carleton house junto was tempted by the administration to secede from his party. Among the ministerial *tempters* Lord Thurlow is thus characteristically described by a contemporary wit.

> .....Thurlow entered next,
> With Spleen and Gout and Pepper Arden vext.
> "I'll to the point at once without more fuss,
> G.....d d....mme, Sheridan, be one of us."

—

Belsham, whose political creed was very different from that of Mr. Burke, after animadverting on some parts of that orator's character, thus candidly praises his eloquence——"His speeches displayed a great extent of knowledge, they were enlivened by frequent flashes of wit; they were illuminated with much brilliancy of allusion and metaphor, and adorned with bursts of oratory, bold, beautiful, and sublime."

—

A wag thus jocosely describes the fictitious ardour of romantic passion, as it is foolishly displayed in most of the senseless novels which maidens delight to read. He now felt his heart inflamed with the most unextinguishable passion, that ever filled the amorous lays of a puppy poet. The following day, he commenced his attack with two madrigals, an acrostic, six stanzas, a poetical epistle, twelve epigrams, and a sonnet, the fore-runners of a solemn declaration of his love.

—

Died—At his seat at Bunbury, Cheshire, a character, which a few years ago moved in the first circles of fashion in the kingdom and at whom even the eye of royalty has gazed with wonder and delight, namely, the learned and scientific *Pig!*—He had retired from the fatigues of public life, and having reaped an equal share of fame and fortune, was enjoying the *otium cum dignitate*—till death alike fatal to pigs and potentates, drops the curtain upon his valuable life, after a severe illness, originating in excessive study, which brought on a depression of spirits, and a train of nervous affections. He had some thoughts of opening an academy for the tuition of a select number of boarders, having partly engaged his renowned compeer, Dr. Katterfelto, as usher. Science is in tears on the melancholy occasion, and the Doctor himself has put on a suit of sable. [*London paper.*

—

A short time since there were published a few extracts of anonymous letters, said to have been written by some officer in the service of the Navy, criminating the conduct of Mr. Eaton, the consul of the United States at Algiers, and charging him with an unwarranted speculation with public money. The Consul, since his return to this country, requested his fellow citizens to suspend their opinions till he should furnish them with sufficient data by which to form a correct judgment. Since then he has drawn up a brief statement comprising sundry letters from Commodore Morris, Mr. Cathcart and Mr. O'Brien, and also his conversations with the Bey of Tunis, from a perusal of all which, we think, it plainly appears that Mr. Eaton is not only blameless; but from the spirited and manly conduct which he has shown in the consular department, we think he is entitled to the esteem of the public.

—

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.

"Verily, I say unto you, ye shall not lose your reward."

Samuel Flagg, Abraham Lincoln, brother of the Attorney general of the United States, and Francis Blake, editor of the Ægis, all of the town of Worcester, are appointed commissioners of bankruptcy for the district of Massachusetts!!

—

A London schoolmaster was asked his opinion upon the subject of the last thirty years administration of Great Britain. He observed "Lord North was a *verb passive* Mr. Pitt *a verb active* and Mr. Addington, *a verb neuter*. Had the same teacher classed the late Congress at the time when silence was the order of the day, he would with like propriety have called it a *gerund in dum*.

—

The New-York Daily Gazette, printed by J. Lang and Co. is the largest Newspaper in the United States. It consists of twenty-four columns, and is mostly filled with advertisements. We had the curiosity to count the number in one of the 26th ult. and made it 294. The income from the advertisements alone, we presume to be at least six hundred dollars per week. The price of the paper we also presume to yield, supposing there are only 1000 subscribers, about 150 dollars more. The expense, however, of carrying on an establishment of this kind must be immense.

—

St. Evremond assures us, that a woman parts with her beauty more reluctantly, than even with life itself. A very lovely woman, in London, was worn out with a long and painful sickness. As, *in her last moments*, her attendants were rubbing her temples with Hungary water, she begged them to desist, *for it would make her hair gray!*

—

Duane, Miss Smith, and the miserable *Chronicleer* of Boston, are perpetually growling or whining at the licentiousness of the Federal presses. Let these ignorant *people* remember that *they* have an exclusive right to *licentiousness*. Of this they have long made a complete monoply.

> What we have told you fifty times
> In *prose*, receive, for once, in *rhymes;*
> A huge fat man in country fair,
> Or city church, no matter where,
> Labour'd and push'd among the crowd,
> Still bawling out extremely loud,
> *Lord save us, why do people press?*
> Another, marking his distress,
> Friendly reply'd, 'plump gentleman,
> Get out as fast as e'er you can,
> Or cease to push, or to exclaim,
> *You make the very crowd you blame.*

—

A liberal biographer, alluding to the *vulgar* opinion respecting the private character of Mr. Sheridan, remarks that he is always inclined to worthy actions, and observe every engagment, but that heedlessness, which too generally marks the literary character, and those allurements, by which a strong imagination is apt to be enslaved, have influenced his disposition, and exposed him to the censure of those who are unable to measure the extent of such a mind, and who never being tempted by the fervor of the passions, beyond the confines of discretion, know not how to make allowance for the movements of an orb, so remote from their own sphere of action.

—

The *smallness* of Bonaparte's *mouth* does not prevent him from shewing his teeth, even where he cannot *bite*. [*Lond. pap.*

---

* Shakspeare.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HORACE, ODE II. BOOK I.

AD J————.

Tu ne quæsieris scire (nefas) quem mihi quemtibi,
Finem dî dederint, J——: nec Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit pati,
(Seuplures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum) sapias; vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quàm minimùm credula postero.

IMITATION.

Vex not your cranium, Tom, to find
What time our masters, now so blind,
Their leaden lids may ope:
Should you the next election lose,
And some vile Fed step in your shoes,
Nor poison use, nor rope.

Who doubts *your worth*, will ne'er, I trow,
To Albert patriotism allow,
To Nancy Dawson, brain;
He'd vote Sam Smith no legislator,
Call *flippant Jack* a beardless prater,
A foul blasphemer, Paine.

Since life is short, contract your wishes,
Stick to your Gallic wines and dishes;
Your minions round you rally,
Enjoy, unteaz'd by party cholers,
Your five-and-twenty thousand Dollars,
In arms of *dingy Sally*. MERCUTIO.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE VII.

TRANSLATED.

DIFFUGERE NIVES, &c.

The snows are fled, and now return
The grove's green hair, the meadow's pride,
And rivers pour, from many an urn,
Within their banks the lessening tide.

Earth feels a change, each sister grace,
The gay nymphs sporting in her train,
Delights fantastic wreathes to trace,
In naked beauty o'er the plain.

The rolling tear, the flying hour,
That steals our brightest, calmest day,
Forbid our towering hopes to soar,
Beyond these mortal scenes away.

The Zephyr chases Winter's cold,
On Spring's soft steps see Summer tread,
To perish soon; e'en now, behold,
The stores of Autumn round us spread,
Then Winter rears once more his sluggish head.

This loss some changing moons repair,
But, with our great forefathers laid,
A heap of dust our bodies are,
And the soul flits—a wand'ring shade.

Ah! who can say, th' immortal powers
Will lengthen life another day,
Then stamp with bliss the circling hours,
Bliss torn from greedy heirs away.

For when the judge's stern decree
Is past, Torquatus, on thy ghost,
Nor birth, nor eloquence can free,
Nor virtue from the dreary coast.

Ne'er could Diana from the grave
Her iov'd Hippolytus regain;
Nor Theseus his Pirithous save
From gloomy Death's all-binding chain,
Friendship and Chastity, alas! how vain.

HARLEY.

—

FROM THE ANTI-DEMOCRAT.

An old correspondent, and constant friend, of the Port Folio, sends the Editor of the Anti-Democrat the following attempt to render into English verse a very elegant passage in the Henriade of M. de Voltaire. If he thinks that the original has had justice done to it, and that the picture will interest the feelings of any of his readers, he will insert it. It is the description of an incident which was actually produced by the famine in Paris, when besieged by Henry the Fourth; and is no poetic fiction. F

TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE IN THE TENTH CANTO OF THE HENRIADE.

A Mother! (must humanity bewail,
And must I, gracious Heav'n! preserve the tale!)
Beheld, by these inhuman slaves'* command,
Her last sad morsel wrested from her hand:
Pale-visag'd hunger guarded at the door:
An infant son lay starving on the floor—
Mad with despair, she seiz'd the naked knife,
Rais'd, wretched parricide! against his life!
Thoughtless of ill, unconscious of alarms,
The craving babe stretch'd forth his feeble arms;
His act, his voice, his misery, allay'd
Her frantic fury, and the blow delay'd.
Fix'd in wild woe on him her eyes she turn'd,
Where pity, love, regret, alternate burn'd;
Thrice was the steel uprais'd to give the wound,
And thrice it dropt, abhorrent, to the ground.
By grief at last o'ercome, with fault'ring voice,
Cursing her marriage, and her fruitful joys:
"Dear, hapless babe, she cried, oppress'd with woe,
How vain did heav'n thy infant life bestow!
Why wert thou forc'd in anguish from the womb,
If but to breathe, and meet thy cruel doom?
Yet wherefore should'st thou live?—In blood and tears,
To mourn the ills thy ravag'd country bears?
Die—ere thou know'st her fate, or thine to grieve:
I gave thee life, now bid thy mother live:
For thee revolt a horrid tomb prepares,
And one new crime shall swell the guilt of wars."

Thus having spoke, by thought more furious made,
Deep in his breast she plung'd the fatal blade.
Now sway'd by nature, now by hunger more,
By turns the bleeding corpse she kiss'd and tore;
Now on the fire her genial flesh she cast,
And wept, and gorg'd upon the curst repast.

Lur'd by the scent, in eager hope of prey,
The greedy soldiers seek this guilty way.
Not with more savage transport in his eyes,
The starving Lion on his victim flies,
Than the fierce band with emulation strain,
First to arrive the wish'd relief to gain:
The door gave way, but seiz'd with wild affright,
They turn'd with silent horror from the sight.
Stretch'd on the floor the murder'd infant lay,
The mother gaz'd distracted on her prey—
"Yes, ruthless monsters, yes, it is my child!
'Tis your curst acts that have my hands defil'd.
Come, son and mother both shall be your food—
What! shrink your practis'd souls from scenes of blood!
Why with blanch terror stand ye thus dismay'd?
Tygers! for hearts like yours such feasts were made."

Thus she her wild, extatic rage exprest,
And drove the reeking weapon in her breast.

FERDINANDO.

* The Swiss and Spanish mercenaries.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The ensuing lines will recall the Greek of Anacreon, and the Latin of Secundus.]

TO PETER DANIEL HUETT.

Thou, of tuneful bards the first,
Thou, by all the graces nurst,
Friend, each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have lov'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refin'd.

When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark.
Come, O come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away.
And when hearts, from loving free,
If, indeed, such hearts there be,
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
Could I, could I wish them worse?
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love.

—

INSCRIPTION

For the monument of George Steevens, Esquire, the commentator on Shakspeare.

BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

Peace to these reliques! once the bright attire
Of spirit, sparkling with no common fire!
How oft has pleasure, in the social hour,
Smil'd at his wit's exhilarating power!
And truth attested, with delight intense,
The serious charms of his colloquial sense!
His talents, varying as the diamond's ray,
Could strike the grave, or fascinate the gay;
His critic labours, of unwearied force,
Collected light from every distant source;
Want with such true beneficence he cheer'd,
All that his bounty gave his zeal endear'd.
Learning as vast as mental pow'r could seize,
In sport displaying, and with graceful ease,
Lightly the stage of chequer'd life he trod,
Careless of chance—confiding in his God!

—

Translation of a fragment, collected by Barnes from Demetrius Phalareus.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine,
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing,
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try.
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul.

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